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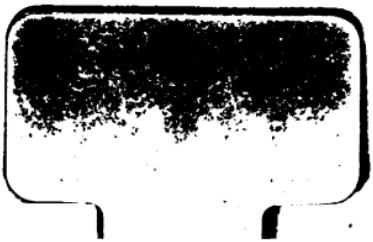
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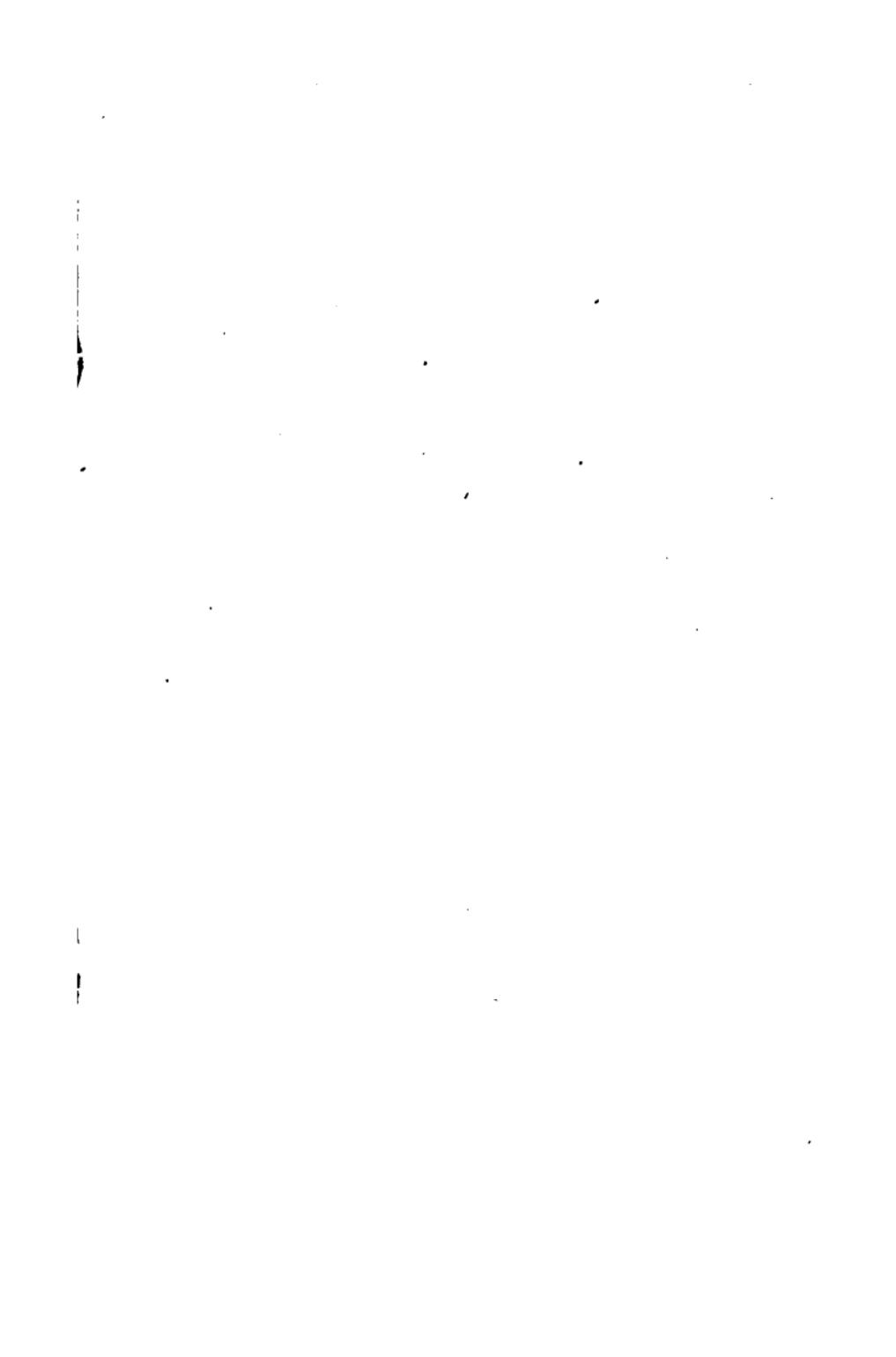
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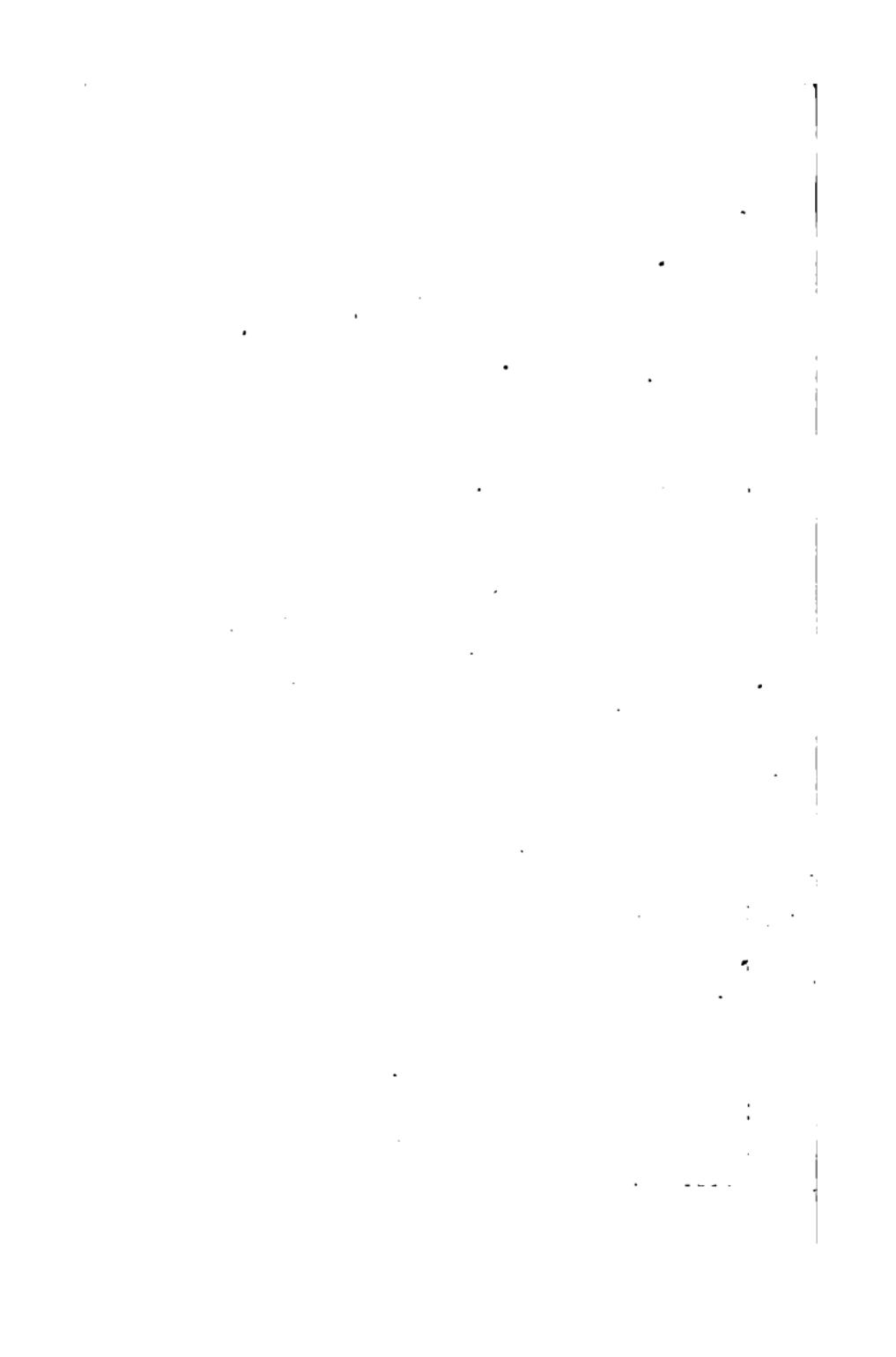
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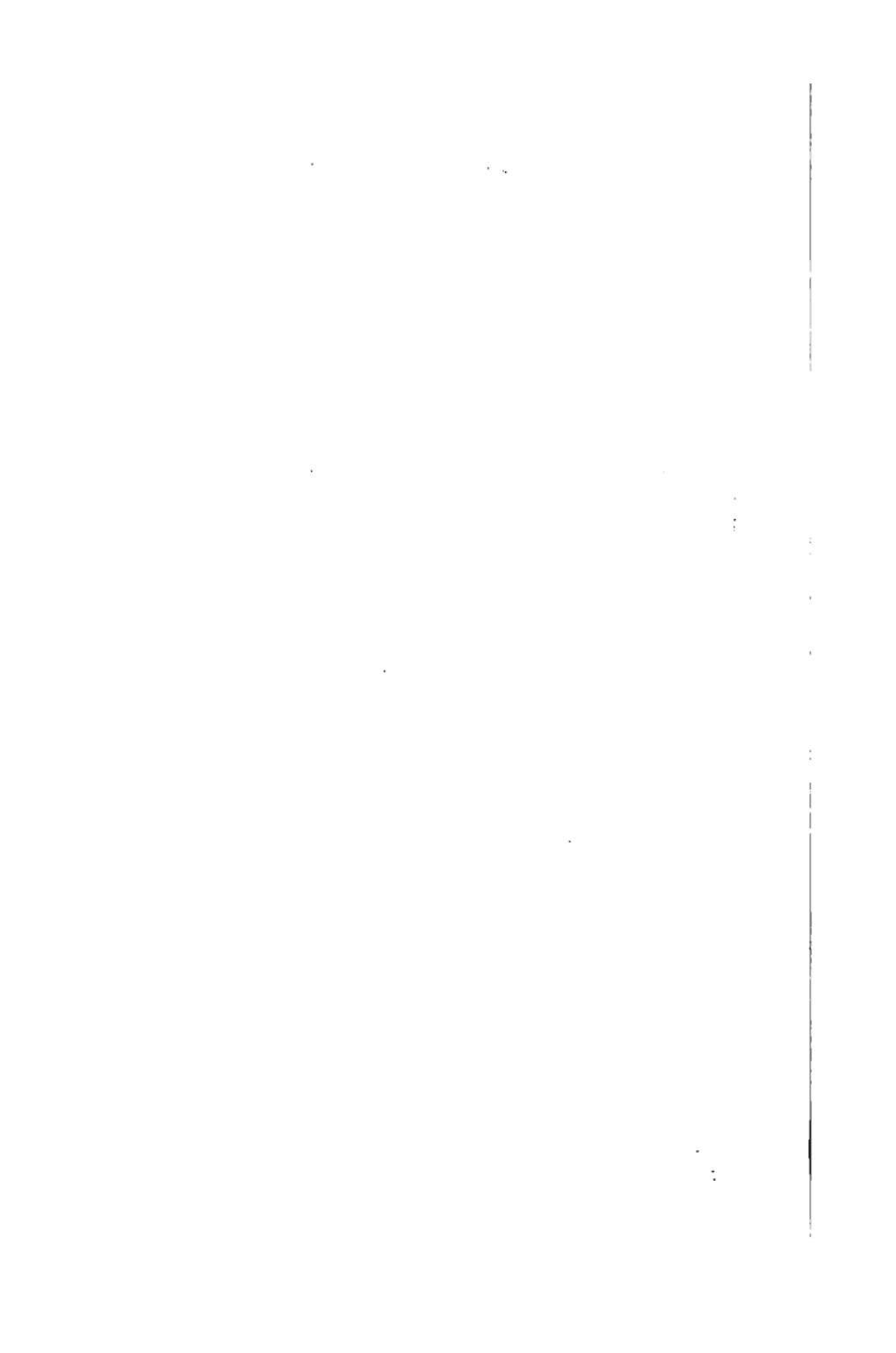
Hymns  
and  
Meditations







*Synopses and Meditations.*



K y m s  
and  
H e r i t a g e s.



BY ANNA LETITIA WARING.

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## HYMNS AND MEDITATIONS.

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### I.

“ My times are in Thy hand.”—PSALM xxxi. 15.

FATHER I know that all my life  
Is portioned out for me,  
And the changes that are sure to come,  
I do not fear to see;  
But I ask Thee for a present mind  
Intent on pleasing Thee.

I ask thee for a thoughtful love,  
Through constant watching wise,  
To meet the glad with joyful smiles,  
And to wipe the weeping eyes ;  
And a heart at leisure from itself,  
To soothe and sympathise.

I would not have the restless will,  
That hurries to and fro,  
Seeking for some great thing to do,  
Or secret thing to know ;  
I would be treated as a child,  
And guided where I go.

Wherever in the world I am,  
In whatsoe'er estate,  
I have a fellowship with hearts  
To keep and cultivate ;  
And a work of lowly love to do  
For the Lord on whom I wait.

So I ask Thee for the daily strength,  
To none that ask denied,  
And a mind to blend with outward life  
While keeping at Thy side;  
Content to fill a little space,  
If Thou be glorified.

And if some things I do not ask,  
In my cup of blessing be,  
I would have my spirit filled the more  
With grateful love to Thee—  
More careful—not to serve Thee *much*,  
But to please Thee perfectly.

There are briers besetting every path,  
That call for patient care;  
There is a cross in every lot,  
And an earnest need for prayer;  
But a lowly heart that leans on Thee  
Is happy anywhere.

In a service which Thy will appoints,  
There are no bonds for me ;  
For my inmost heart is taught "the truth"  
That makes Thy children "free ;"  
And a life of self-renouncing love,  
Is a life of liberty.

## II.

"Thou maintainest my lot."—PSALM xvi. 5.

SOURCE of my life's refreshing springs,  
Whose presence in my heart sustains me,  
Thy love appoints me pleasant things,  
Thy mercy orders all that pains me.

If loving hearts were never lonely,  
If all they wish might always be,  
Accepting what they look for only,  
They might be glad, but not in Thee.

Well may Thy own beloved, who see  
In all their lot their Father's pleasure,  
Bear loss of all they love, save Thee,  
Their living, everlasting treasure.

Well may Thy happy children cease  
From restless wishes prone to sin,  
And, in Thy own exceeding peace,  
Yield to Thy daily discipline.

We need as much the cross we bear,  
As air we breathe—as light we see ;  
It draws us to Thy side in prayer,  
It binds us to our strength in Thee.

### III.

“If ye shall ask anything in my name, I will do it.”—JOHN xiv. 14.

My prayer to the promise shall cling—  
I will not give heed to a doubt;  
For I ask for the one needful thing,  
Which I cannot be happy without.

A spirit of lowly repose  
In the love of the Lamb that was slain,  
A heart to be touched with His woes,  
And a care not to grieve Him again—  
  
The peace that my Saviour has bought,  
The cheerfulness nothing can dim,  
The love that can bring every thought  
Into perfect obedience to Him—

The wisdom His mercy to own  
In the way He directs me to take,—  
To glory in Jesus alone,  
And to love, and do good, for His sake.

All this Thou hast offered to me  
In the promise whereon I will rest;  
For faith, O my Saviour, in Thee,  
Is the substance of all my request.

Thy word has commanded my prayer,  
Thy spirit has taught me to pray;  
And all my unholy despair  
Is ready to vanish away.

Thou wilt not be weary of me,  
Thy promise my faith will sustain,  
And soon, very soon, I shall see  
That I have not been asking in vain.

## IV.

"I, even I, am he that comforteth you."—ISAIAH  
li. 12.

SWEET is the solace of Thy love,  
My Heavenly Friend, to me,  
While through the hidden way of faith  
I journey home with Thee,  
Learning by quiet thankfulness  
As a dear child to be.

Though from the shadow of Thy peace  
My feet would often stray,  
Thy mercy follows all my steps,  
And will not turn away ;  
Yea, Thou wilt comfort me at last,  
As none beneath Thee may.

Oft in a dark and lonely place,  
I hush my hastened breath,  
To hear the comfortable words  
Thy loving Spirit saith ;  
And feel my safety in Thy hand  
From every kind of death.

O there is nothing in the world  
To weigh against Thy will ;  
Even the dark times I dread the most  
Thy covenant fulfil :  
And when the pleasing morning dawns  
I find Thee with me still.

No other comforter I need,  
If Thou, O Lord, be mine,—  
Thy rod will bring my spirit low,  
Thy fire my heart refine,  
And cause me pain that none can heal,  
By other love than Thine.

Then in the secret of my soul,  
Though hosts my peace invade—  
Though through a waste and weary land  
My lonely way be made—  
Thou, even Thou, wilt comfort me,  
I need not be afraid.

Still in the solitary place  
I would awhile abide,  
Till with the solace of Thy love,  
My heart is satisfied ;  
And all my hopes of happiness  
Stay calmly at Thy side.

V.

"I will pour water on him that is thirsty, and floods upon the dry ground."—ISAIAH xliv. 8.

Source of my spirit's deep desire  
For living joys that shall not perish  
The patient hope Thy words inspire,  
Still let Thy tender mercy cherish.

On Thee my humbled soul would wait,  
Her utmost weakness calmly learning,  
And see Thy grace its way create,  
Through thorns and briars which Thou  
art burning.\*

\* Isaiah xxvii. 4.

Gladly my inmost heart would know  
The love that now it faintly traces,  
And see the streams from Zion flow  
O'er all it's waste and desert places.

And still I hope—O not in vain !  
I know, this holy seed possessing,  
Thou wilt come down like gentle rain,  
And make the barren ground a blessing.

VI.

"The Lord blessed the Seventh day and hallowed it."—**EXODUS** xx. 11.

**B**RAM on us brightly, blessed day,  
Dawn softly for our Saviour's sake ;  
And waft thy sweetness o'er our way,  
To draw us Heavenward when we wake.

O holy life that shall not end,  
Light that will never cease to be—  
May every Sabbath-day we spend,  
Add to our happiness in Thee.

## VII.

"In returning and rest shall ye be saved: in quietness and confidence shall be your strength."—  
ISAIAH xxx. 15.

With a heart full of anxious request,  
Which my Father in Heaven bestowed,  
I wandered, alone and distressed,  
In search of a quiet abode.  
Astray and distracted, I cried—  
Lord, where would'st Thou have me to  
be?  
And the voice of the Lamb that had died,  
Said—Come, my beloved, to me.  
I went—for He mightily wins  
Weary souls to His peaceful retreat—  
And He gave gave me forgiveness of sins,  
And songs that I love to repeat;

And oft as my enemies came,  
My views of His glory to dim,  
He taught me to trust in his name,  
And to triumph by leaning on Him.

Made pure by the blood that He shed,  
My heart in His presence was free ;  
I was hungry and thirsty—He fed—  
I was sick, and He comforted me ;  
He gave me the blessing complete—  
The hope that is with me to-day,  
And a quiet abode at His feet,  
That shall not be taken away.

## VIII.

“The Lord is the portion of mine inheritance.”—  
PSALM xvi. 5.

THOUGH some good things of lower worth,  
My heart is called on to resign,  
Of all the gifts in heaven and earth,  
The best, the very best is mine :  
The love of God in Christ made known—  
The love that is enough alone,  
My Father’s love is all my own.  
  
My soul’s Restorer, let me learn  
In that deep love to live and rest ;  
Let me the precious thing discern  
Of which I am indeed possess’d—

My treasure let me feel and see,  
And let my moments as they flee,  
Unfold my endless life in Shee.

Let me not dwell so much within  
My bounded heart, with anxious heed—  
Where all my searches meet with sin,  
And nothing satisfies my need—  
It shuts me from the sound and sight  
Of that pure world of life and light,  
Which has no breadth, or length, or height.

Let me Thy power, Thy beauty see—  
So shall my vain aspirings cease,  
And my free heart shall follow Thee  
Through paths of everlasting peace.  
My strength Thy gift—my life Thy care,  
I shall forget to seek elsewhere  
The joy to which my soul is heir.

I was not called to walk alone,  
To clothe *myself* with love and light;  
And for Thy glory, not my own,  
My soul is precious in Thy sight.  
My evil heart can never be  
A home, a heritage for me—  
But Thou canst make it fit for Thee.

## IX.

“I will fear no evil, for Thou art with me.”—  
PSALM xxiii. 4.

IN Heavenly Love abiding,  
No change my heart shall fear,  
And safe is such confiding,  
For nothing changes here.  
  
The storm may roar without me,  
My heart may low be laid,  
But God is round about me,  
And can I be dismayed?  
  
Wherever He may guide me,  
No want shall turn me back;  
My shepherd is beside me,  
And nothing can I lack.

His wisdom ever waketh,  
His sight is never dim,  
He knows the way He taketh,  
And I will walk with Him.

Green pastures are before me,  
Which yet I have not seen,  
Bright skies will soon be o'er me,  
Where the dark clouds have been.  
My hope I cannot measure,  
My path to life is free,  
My Saviour is my treasure,  
And He will walk with me.

## X.

"There is a Friend that sticketh closer than a brother."—Prov. xviii. 24.

WOULD that I were more closely bound  
To my Beloved, Who ever lives—  
Would that my soul were always found  
Abiding in the peace He gives—  
Would that I might more clearly see  
His love an heritage for me—  
More surely know, more meekly own,  
His bounteous grace my strength alone.

And much I wish—but I will pray  
For wisdom that the lowly find ;  
And, O my Saviour, every day,  
More of Thy meek and quiet mind ;

The comfort of a mind at rest  
From every care Thou hast not blest ;  
A heart from all the world set free,  
To worship and to wait on Thee.

Ah ! my Beloved, Who wilt not die,  
Whose spirit does not change with mine,  
Put doubts of my affection by,  
And make me free to sing of Thine.  
The more Thy goodness I confess,  
I shall not surely love Thee less—  
The more myself alone I see,  
The farther off I feel from Thee.

Thou art my life's restoring rest,  
In Thee for safety let me hide,  
And win me for Thy grateful guest,  
By love that will not be denied.

Try me with Thy refining fire,  
Array me in thy white attire,  
Be Wisdom, Righteousness to me,  
The River of my pleasures be,  
And fill my life with love for Thee.

XI.

"I will bless the Lord at all times."—PSALM  
xxxiv. 1.

TENDER mercies on my way  
Falling softly like the dew,  
Sent me freshly every day,  
I will bless THE LORD for you.

Though I have not all I would,  
Though to greater bliss I go,  
Every present gift of good  
To eternal love I owe.

Source of all that comforts me,  
Well of joy for which I long,  
Let the song I sing to Thee,  
Be an everlasting song.

## XII.

"Thou, Lord, art good, and ready to forgive ; and  
plenteous in mercy unto all them that call upon Thee."  
—PSALM lxxvi. 5.

My Saviour whose infinite grace  
Most kindly encompasses me,  
Whose goodness more brightly I trace,  
The more of my life that I see.  
The sins that I mournfully own,  
Thy meekness and mercy exalt,  
And sweet is the voice from Thy throne,  
That tenderly shews me a fault.

Even now, while my praises arise,  
A sorrowful spirit is mine—  
A spirit Thou wilt not despise,  
For oh ! it is mourning with Thine.

My joy is in light from above,  
The light which Thy kindness displays,  
My grief is for lack of the love  
That would tune my whole life to Thy  
praise.

My faithful Redeemer, forgive  
The sin it has grieved Thee to see.  
And let me remember to live  
In the Spirit that glorifies Thee.  
Though much in Thy child Thou hast borne,  
Thy councils still gently repeat,  
And give me, if still I must mourn  
To mourn as a child at Thy feet.

### **XIII.**

"I know whom I have believed."—2 TIMOTHY  
i. 12.

How can I err in trusting Thee,  
O Thou in whom I move and live?  
Since Thou hast given Thy life for me,  
What lack I that Thou wilt not give?

Truly in Thee my soul believes—  
Truly on Thee my hope is staid;  
Thy precious words my heart receives,  
And waits for Thy expected aid.

O who can err in trusting Thee?  
Thy pleasure is Thy children's bliss;  
And our eternal life will be,  
Beyond our largest faith in this.

XIV.

AN EVENING SONG,

AFTER A DAY OF DIFFICULTY.

LORD, a happy child of Thine,  
Patient through the love of Thee,  
In the light, the life divine,  
Lives and walks at liberty.

Leaning on Thy tender care,  
Thou hast led my soul aright—  
Fervent was my morning prayer—  
Joyful is my song to-night.

O my Saviour, Guardian true,  
All my life is Thine to keep:  
At Thy feet my work I do,  
In Thy arms I fall asleep.

## XV.

"I will trust in the covert of Thy wings."—  
PSALM lxi. 4.

UNDER Thy wings, my God, I rest,  
Under Thy shadow safely lie,  
By Thy own strength in peace possessed,  
While dreaded evils pass me by.

With strong desire I here can stay,  
To see Thy love its work complete ;  
Here I can wait a long delay,  
Reposing at my Saviour's feet.

My place of lowly service too,  
Beneath Thy sheltering wings I see ;  
For all the work I have to do,  
Is done through strengthening rest in  
Thee.

I would not rise this rest above,  
I do not mourn my low estate,  
Sure of my riches in Thy love,  
I feel it good to trust and wait.

In faith and patience is repose,  
In faith and rest my strength shall be,  
And when Thy joy the Church o'erflows,  
I know that it will visit me.

## XVI.

“ For the Lord shall comfort Zion : he shall comfort all her waste places ; and he will make her wilderness like Eden, and her desert like the garden of the Lord ; joy and gladness shall be found therein, thanksgiving and the voice of melody.”—ISAIAH li. 3.

“ Sing O Heavens, and be joyful O Earth ; for the Lord hath comforted his people.”—ISAIAH xlix. 18.

A living, loving, lasting word,  
My listening ear believing heard,  
While bending down in prayer ;  
Like a sweet breeze that none can stay,  
It passed my soul upon its way,  
And left a blessing there.

Then joyful thoughts that come and go,  
By paths the holy angels know,

Encamped around my soul;  
As in a dream of blest repose,  
'Mid withered reeds a river rose,  
And through the desert stole.

I lifted up my eyes to see—  
The wilderness was glad for me,  
Its thorns were bright with bloom;  
And onward travellers still in sight,  
Marked out a path of shining light,  
And shade unmixed with gloom.

O sweet the strains of those before,  
“ The weary knees are weak no more,  
The fearful heart is strong;”  
But sweeter, nearer, from above,  
That word of everlasting love,  
The promise and the song.

## XVII.

“I wait for the Lord, my soul doth wait, and in  
His Word do I hope.”—PSALM CXXX. 5.

My Saviour, on the Word of Truth  
In earnest hope I live,  
I ask for all the precious things,  
Thy boundless love can give.  
I look for many a lesser light,  
About my path to shine ;  
But chiefly long to walk with Thee,  
And only trust in Thine.

In holy expectation held,  
Thy strength my heart shall stay,  
For Thy right hand will never let  
My trust be cast away.

Yea, Thou hast kept me near Thy feet,  
In many a deadly strife,  
By the stronghold of hope in Thee,  
The hope of endless life.

Thou knowest that I am not blest  
As Thou would'st have me be,  
Till all the peace and joy of faith  
Possess my soul in Thee ;  
And still I seek 'mid many fears,  
With yearnings unexprest,  
The comfort of Thy strengthening love,  
Thy soothing, settling rest.

It is not as Thou wilt with me,  
Till, humbled in the dust,  
I know no place in all my heart  
Wherein to put my trust.

Until I find, O Lord, in Thee—  
The Lowly and the Meek—  
That fulness which Thy own redeemed  
Go nowhere else to seek.

Then, O my Saviour, on my soul  
Cast down, but not dismayed,  
Still be Thy chastening, healing hand,  
In tender mercy laid :  
And while I wait for all Thy joys  
My yearning heart to fill,  
Teach me to walk and work with Thee,  
And at Thy feet sit still.

## XVIII.

TO ——.

When turning to my place of rest,  
In hope of glory soon to be,  
Lo, leaning on our Saviour's breast,  
Dear child of God, I meet with thee :  
And hushed is every bitter sigh  
For strength bowed down at early day ;  
And busy doubtings lowly lie,  
And anxious musings fly away.

In the clear light I see thee here,  
The light no earthly cloud may dim—  
O who can have a gloomy fear  
For those whom Jesus keeps with him ?  
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The sharpest gale that lays us low,  
Our Saviour's still small voice obeys;—  
And every sacred joy we know  
Springs up to His eternal praise.

When, with one heart to Jesus given,  
Within His sheltering arms we stay,  
Our happy home with Him in Heaven  
Seems not so very far away.  
The hope we have, with patience waits,  
Kept in His sacred presence thus;—  
And lo, we see the open gates  
Of God's bright city near to us.

Safe in that city of delight,  
How glad my ransomed soul will be,  
When walking with the Lamb in white,  
Dear child of God, I meet with thee.

If, by His love, from fear set free,  
This shadowy vale to thee seems fair—  
O, how my heart will long to see,  
Thy pleasure in His presence there.

**XIX.**

**TO THE SAME.**

Love, heavenly love, possessing,  
And life without decline,  
Our Father's greatest blessing,  
O dearly loved, is thine.  
Around thee, in thy weakness,  
Our Saviour's arms we see ;  
We know our best Beloved  
Is watching over thee.

In God, thy God, confiding,  
We yield thee to his will—  
Through faith of his providing,  
Our hearts are calm and still.

In thy unwearied patience,  
His faithfulness we see ;  
We know our best Beloved  
Is watching over thee.

## XX.

“I believe in the Communion of Saints.”

“Are they not all ministering spirits, sent forth to minister for them who shall be heirs of salvation.”—HEBREWS i. 14.

O LOVING Spirit, do not go,  
Thy presence is a precious thing—  
It makes my tears more softly flow,  
And sweetens every song I sing :  
My heart with heavenly comfort fill,  
And bring me joyful tidings still.

It soothes my soul to have thee near,  
And I believe that thou wilt stay,—  
Because the Lord, thy life, is here,  
And He will never go away ;  
And blest will our communion be,  
With thee in Him and Him in thee.

I love to have thee by my side,  
With thy sweet face so pure and bright,  
While in my Saviour's robe I hide,  
A robe like thine, exceeding white :  
Blest with the blessed ones above,  
Seen by His light and with His love.

Thy soul to heavenly bliss restord,  
Mine through a sacred veil will see,—  
That glorious body of our Lord,  
Wherein He died for thee and me.  
I like that thou shouldst live within,  
And know my heart without its sin.

Oft in my secret communings,  
With thought of those who count thee  
dear,  
I speak to thee of many things  
That others would not care to hear.

Now that no pain thy love can share,  
It comforts me that *thou* wilt care.

I hear thee in the song of birds,  
Thee in the gladdening flowers I see,  
And earth has music for the words  
That came to us from heaven through  
thee :  
Hope, joy, the good that God has willed,  
Thy hope confirmed—thy joy fulfilled.

I do not bid thee now farewell,  
(A prayer unmeet for life like thine,)  
With thy beloved in heaven I dwell,  
And thy beloved on earth are mine ;  
My heart with them, and theirs with thee,  
How canst thou dear one distant be ?

We tarry still upon the road,  
 Our path goes on, we know not where—  
 But God is always our abode,  
 And we are sure to meet thee there :  
 Our life His charge, our work His will,  
 To love thee is delightful still.

Soon, yes, it must be know,  
 Our work of faith and love complete,  
 We to thy happy home shall go,  
 And find thee at our Father's feet.  
 There His Beloved prepares our place,  
 And we shall see thee face to face.

Meanwhile, to thee with whom we live  
 A secret life by night and day.  
 Pain we are sure we cannot give,  
 But pleasure I believe we may :  
 And this belief henceforth shall be,  
 New life, new strength, new joy to me.

XXI.

A NEW YEAR'S MORNING SONG.

"He hath put a new song in my mouth, even thanksgiving unto our God."—PSALM xl. 3.

THANKSGIVING and the voice of melody,  
This new year's morning, call me from my  
sleep—

A new sweet song is in my heart for Thee,  
Thou faithful tender Shepherd of the sheep :  
Thou knowest where to find, and how to  
keep

The feeble feet, that tremble where they  
stray,—

O'er the dark mountains—through the  
whelming deep—

Thy everlasting mercy makes its way.

The past is not so dark as once it seemed,  
For there Thy footprints, now distinct I  
see;

And seed, in weakness sown, from death  
redeemed,

Is springing up, and bearing fruit in Thee.  
Not all that hath been, Lord, henceforth  
shall be—

A low, sweet, cheering strain is in mine ear,  
Thanksgiving, and the voice of melody,  
Are ushering in from Heaven a blest new  
year.

With voice subdued, my listening spirit  
sings,  
As backward on the trodden path I gaze,  
While ministering angels fold their wings  
To fill with lowly thoughts my song of  
praise.

The shadow of the past on future days,  
Will make them clear to my instructed  
sight;  
For the heart's knowledge of Thy sacred  
ways,  
Even in its deepest, darkest shades, is  
light.

I am not stronger yet—I do not fear  
The present pain, the conflict yet to be;  
Experience is a kind voice in mine ear,  
And all my failings bid me lean on Thee.  
No future suffering can seem strange to  
me,  
While in the hidden part I feel and  
know,  
The wisdom of a child at rest and free  
In the tried love, whose judgment keeps  
him low.

Thanksgiving and the voice of melody !

Oh, to my tranquil heart how sweet the strain—

Father of mercies, it arose in Thee,

And to thy bosom it returns again.

There let my grateful song, my soul, remain,

Calm in the risen Saviour's tender care ;

And welcome any trial, any pain,

That serves to keep thy faithful children there.

Thoughts of thy love—and Oh, how great the sum !

Enduring grief, obtaining bliss, for me—

The world, life, death, things present, things to come,

All swell the new year's opening melody.

Past, present, future, all things worship  
Thee ;  
And I, through all, with trembling joy  
behold,  
While mountains fall, and treacherous  
visions flee,  
Thy wandering sheep returning to the fold.

## XXII.

“Thou hast turned for me my mourning into dancing :  
Thou hast put off my sackcloth and girded me with  
gladness. To the end that my glory may sing praise  
to Thee, and not be silent. O Lord my God, I will give  
thanks unto Thee for ever.”—PSALM XXX. 11, 12.

STRENGTH of the still, secluded thought,  
That fears, yet longs, its joy to shew—  
The hope, the awe, in mercy taught  
To make me strong, to keep me low—  
Now shall my girded heart rejoice,  
In praise poured out, in love expressed,—  
Now will I bless Thee, with a voice  
That shall not break this sacred rest.

Once, moved by every mortal pain,  
By every pleasure quickly past,  
I feared to speak in joyful strain  
Of hidden life that might not last.  
Now, from a well that will not fail,  
In Thee my deep rejoicing springs—  
Now, from Thy rest within the veil,  
My spirit looks on passing things.

Once, with thy tired ones homeward bent,  
In hope that rose their fears above,  
My leaping heart could be content  
To greet them with a silent love.  
I too had walked with weary feet,  
And heard the exulting shout too near—  
I too had felt the toil and heat,  
The wind and storm I did not fear.

Perhaps the Heavenward look in store,  
The speechless prayer for strength or rest,  
Might help those needy spirits more  
Than hope set forth or joy expressed.  
But I was changed, I knew not how,  
By the same love that chose their ways,—  
I might be just as weary now,  
And yet rejoice to hear Thy praise.

Now would I cheer the faint in heart  
With sound of joy they too shall see ;  
Now would I put the fear apart,  
That bids me hide Thy strength in me.  
What though the mortal flesh be frail,  
The willing spirit prone to sink—  
There is a stream in Baca's vale,  
Whereof Thy feeblest child may drink.

Some, in their sorrow, may not know  
How near their feet those waters glide—  
How peaceful fruits for healing grow,  
And flowers for beauty by their side.  
They may not see, with weeping eyes  
Upon the dreary desert bent,  
How glorious straight before them, lies  
The Eden of their soul's content.

But O my Saviour, I can see  
For them, what once for me was seen ;  
I know, whate'er their sufferings be,  
The tender mercy which they mean.  
I do not watch, with anxious care,  
To see the end of their distress—  
Thou knowest what the heart must bear,  
The human heart which Thou wilt bless.

And in their daily deepening need  
Of Heavenly love, for strength or rest,  
They are already blest indeed—  
Yea, and much more they shall be blest.  
Wrapt in the spirit of Thy praise,  
As from Gerizim's height, I see  
Blessing poured out on all the ways,  
That prove Thy children's need of Thee.

O wondrous love, so strong to smite—  
So meek the opposing will to tame !  
It was Thy hand put forth in might,  
That led me through the flood, the flame.  
When, needing strength to bear Thy rod,  
By the smooth stream I found repose,  
It was Thy grace, Almighty God,  
Thy love that smote me, ere I rose.

How could I look for lengthened rest,  
With Thy deep sufferings scarcely known,  
Or lay for ever on Thy breast,  
The perfect heart which Thou wilt own ?  
The heart, that guilty of Thy woes,  
Looks only upon Thee to mourn,  
And feels the cross Thy love bestows,  
A burden easy to be borne.

And yet that pause was not in vain—  
It was a blessing meet to give  
Strength, for the labour and the pain,  
Whereby alone my soul might live.  
How gently thence Thy chastening hand  
My lingering spirit onward bare !  
How precious, in a barren land,  
The footprints of Thy people were !

There many hearts that knew Thy ways  
The safety of my feet could see—  
And there I heard the song of praise,  
That Faith poured out to Heaven for me.  
Oh, more than all the ease I sought,  
That song the desert path could bless—  
And dearer in my deepest thought,  
The love that met me in distress.

Now that Thy mercies, on my head,  
The oil of oy for mourning pour,—  
Not as I will my steps be led,  
But as Thou wilt for evermore.  
Henceforth, whate'er my heart's desire,  
Fulfil in me Thy own design,  
I need the fountain and the fire—  
And both, O King of Saints, are Thine.

Now that my sense of rest in Thee,  
Rules over every rising fear,  
Pain, pleasure, all I feel and see,  
Thy counsels to my soul endear.  
Now can my girded heart rejoice,  
In praise poured out, in love expressed—  
Now may I bless Thee, with a voice  
That shall not break this sacred rest.

### **XXIII.**

#### **NATURAL AFFECTION IN THE NEW CREATURE.**

“It is sown a natural body ; it is raised a spiritual body.”—1 COR. xv. 44.

Jesus, Lord of Heaven above,  
Earth beneath is all Thy own :  
In the depths of Heavenly love  
Let my human heart be sown.

Let the love that as a grain  
None on earth might care to see,  
Buried in Thy grave remain,  
Be a precious seed to Thee.

Thou wilt raise it, though it die,  
Thou wilt see it hidden there—  
Thou wilt guard it with Thine eye  
From the spirits of the air.

None shall take it thence away;  
It is sown for Thy delight:  
Thou wilt shine on it by day,—  
Thou wilt shield it in the night.

Where the silent waters flow,  
It shall multiply its root;  
It shall blossom, it shall grow,  
It shall bear immortal fruit.

Sown in weakness, raised in power—  
Sown in suffering, raised in peace—  
It shall brave the blighting hour,  
In the year of drought increase.

Never hurt by sun or storm,  
Blest its every stage shall be—  
Dying in its mortal form—  
Living evermore in Thee.

## XXIV.

“Thou wilt keep him in perfect peace, whose mind is staid on Thee : because he trusteth in Thee.”—ISAIAH xxvi. 8.

Oh, this is blessing, this is rest—  
Into Thine arms, O Lord, I flee :—  
I hide me in Thy faithful breast,  
And pour out all my soul to Thee.  
There is a host dissuading me,—  
But, all their voices far above,  
I hear Thy words—“O taste and see  
The comfort of a Saviour’s love.”  
And, hushing every adverse sound,  
Songs of defence my soul surround,  
As if all saints encamped about  
One trusting heart pursued by doubt.

And Oh, how solemn, yet how sweet  
Their one assured, persuasive strain !  
“ The Lord of Hosts is thy retreat,  
The Man who bore thy sin, thy pain.  
Still in His hand thy times remain—  
Still of His body thou art part ;  
And He will prove His right to reign  
O'er all things that concern thy heart.”  
O tenderness—O truth divine !  
Lord, I am altogether Thine.  
I have bowed down—I need not flee—  
Peace, peace is mine in trusting Thee.

And now I count supremely kind,  
The rule that once I thought severe ;  
And precious to my altered mind,  
At length, Thy least reproofs appear.

Now to the love that casts out fear,  
Mercy and truth, indeed are one ;  
Why should I hold my ease so dear ?  
The work of training must be done.  
I must be taught what I would know—  
I must be led where I would go—  
And all the rest ordained for me,  
Till that which is not seen I see  
Is to be found in trusting Thee.

## XXV.

“The Lord is my portion, saith my soul ; therefore will I hope in Him.”—LAMENTATIONS, iii. 24.

My heart is resting, O my God,—

I will give thanks and sing ;

My heart is at the secret source

Of every precious thing.

Now the frail vessel Thou hast made

No hand but Thine shall fill—

For the waters of the Earth have failed,

And I am thirsty still.

I thirst for springs of heavenly life,

And here all day they rise—

I seek the treasure of Thy love,

And close at hand it lies.

And a new song is my mouth  
To long loved music set—  
Glory to Thee for all the grace  
I have not tasted yet.

Glory to Thee for strength withheld,  
For want and weakness known—  
And the fear that sends me to Thy breast  
For what is most my own.  
I have a heritage of joy  
That yet I must not see ;  
But the hand that bled to make it mine,  
Is keeping it for me.

There is a certainty of love  
That sets my heart at rest—  
A calm assurance for to-day  
That to be poor is best—

A prayer reposing on His truth  
Who hath made all things mine,  
That draws my captive will to Him,  
And makes it one with Thine.

I will give thanks for suffering now,  
For want and toil and loss—  
For the death that sin makes hard and slow,  
Upon my Saviour's cross—  
Thanks for the little spring of love,  
That gives me strength to say,  
If they will leave me part in Him.  
Let all things pass away.

Sometimes I long for promised bliss,  
But it will not come too late—  
And the songs of patient spirits rise  
From the place wherein I wait;

While in the faith that makes no haste,  
My soul has time to see,  
A kneeling host of Thy redeemed,  
In fellowship with me.

There is a multitude around,  
Responsive to my prayer ;  
I hear the voice of my desire  
Resounding everywhere.  
But the earnest of eternal joy,  
In every prayer I trace ;  
I see the glory of the Lord,  
On every chastened face.

How oft, in still communion known,  
Those spirits have been sent,  
To share the travail of my soul,  
Or shew me what it meant !

And I long to do some work of love,  
No spoiling hand could touch,  
For the poor and suffering of Thy flock,  
Who comfort me so much.

But the yearning thought is mingled now  
With the thankful song I sing ;  
For Thy people know the secret source  
Of every precious thing.  
The heart that ministers for Thee  
In Thy own work will rest ;  
And the subject spirit of a child  
Can serve Thy children best.

Mine be the reverent, listening love,  
That waits all day on Thee ;  
With the service of a watchful heart,  
Which no one else can see—

The faith that, in a hidden way  
No other eye may know,  
Finds all its daily work prepared,  
And loves to have it so.

My heart is resting, O my God,  
My heart is in Thy care—  
I hear the voice of joy and health  
Resounding everywhere.  
“Thou art my portion,” saith my soul,  
Ten thousand voices say,  
And the music of their glad Amen,  
Will never die away.

## XXVI.

“ I will allure her, and bring her into the wilderness, and speak comfortably unto her. And I will give her her vineyards from thence, and the valley of Achor for a door of hope ; and she shall sing there.”—HOSEA ii. 14, 15.

“ I know, O Lord, that Thy judgments are right, and thou in faithfulness hast afflicted me.”—PSALM cxix. 75.

I WILL love Thee, O Lord, my strength—  
Thee shall my rescued heart embrace ;  
Thy love, in all its breadth and length,  
Shall be my peaceful dwelling place.  
Whom have I on the earth beside ?  
Thy cross, Thy crown of thorns I see ;  
Thou who to save my life hast died,  
I will have fellowship with Thee.

Surely Thy human heart has borne  
My greatest grief, my least distress—  
Surely I see my Saviour mourn  
With the bowed spirit He will bless.  
Nailed to Thy cross, I would not fly,  
The pain it grieves Thy soul to give :  
If because Thou hast died I die,  
Because Thou livest I shall live.

How could a moment's pang destroy  
My heart's confirmed repose in Thee ?  
*Thy presence* is sufficient joy  
To one reclaimed and spared like me.  
It is enough that I am Thine—  
Almighty to redeem from sin ;  
Thou shalt subdue, correct refine  
The heart which Thou hast died to win.  
Now, through this light and passing pain.  
The travail of Thy soul I see—

I know Thou hast not borne in vain  
 The mortal anguish due to me ;  
 Thoughts of a love unfelt before  
 In comfort on my heart descend—  
 This suffering must have cost Thee more  
 Than I can ever comprehend.

Yet, through a sacred sympathy,  
 I of Thy precious death partake !  
 I feel my fellowship with Thee,  
 And with the Father for Thy sake.  
 I see the source of all Thy woe,  
 Thy resurrection's power I feel—  
 And streams of living water flow\*  
 Through the dry desert where I kneel.

Shielded from every fear of wrath,—  
 Looking through love on all that is—

\* St. John, vii. 38, 39.

I see about my troubled path  
A cloud of tranquil witnesses.  
Happy the chastening to endure,  
That makes me one, in love and trust,  
With all the lowly, all the pure,  
All the tried spirits of the just.

Thy children's sympathy is sweet,  
But all is measured—all in part;  
Into Thy love my hopes retreat,  
For that which satisfies the heart.  
There may be other love in store,  
But none whereof Thy child may say—  
My strength, my life, for evermore,  
My ample portion day by day.

Such solace as around me grows,  
Thou for my need shalt still prepare—  
But make Thy bosom my repose,  
And fix my expectation there.

For thou canst cherish and uphold  
Life, that no eye but Thine may see—  
And no rough wind, no heat, or cold,  
Shall hurt the love that clings to Thee.

In to Thy silent place of prayer  
The anxious wandering mind recall—  
Dwell mid Thy own creation there,  
Restoring, claiming, hallowing all.  
Then the calm spirit, won from sin,  
Thy perfect sacrifice shall be—  
And all the ransomed powers therein  
Shall go forth, glorifying Thee.

Out of this spirit of Thy grace,  
Oh, who can tell what light has beamed !  
I see the solitary place,  
A garden for Thy own redeemed.

I see the desolated ground,  
 With dews of Heavenly kindness fed—  
 And fruits of joy and love, surround  
 The heart which Thou hast comforted.

O knowledge all my thoughts above !  
 This thirsty vale I could not flee ;\*  
 This yearning for unbounded love  
 Has been “ a door of hope ” to me.  
 Who would go forth in haste by flight,  
 From the dry land that Thou wilt bless—  
 Sown with the everlasting light,  
 That shews Thy “ very faithfulness ! ”

Thou hast loved me, O Lord, my strength—  
 On Thee my yielded heart shall lean ;  
 Thy guiding love, in all its length  
 Shall teach me all Thy judgments mean.

\* Hosea, ii. 6.

And I will ask Thee for a sign  
That many an anxious eye may see—  
Give me the love that rests in Thine,  
For those whom Thou hast tried like me.

Love that believes, is always sweet  
To fearful hearts, which Thou wilt guide,  
And mine may win some timid feet,  
To the deep River's quiet side.  
While from that River's fertile banks,  
My resting eye their portion sees—  
O that my soul might yield Thee thanks,  
By comforting the least of these.

## XXVII.

"God is faithful, by whom ye were called unto the fellowship of His Son Jesus Christ our Lord."—  
1 Cor. i. 9.

Bowed with a burden none can weigh save  
Thee,

Strength of my life, on Thee I cast my  
care:

My heart must prove its own infirmity,  
But what shall move me, if my God be  
there?

Oh for a thankful song with every breath,  
While amid fading flowers and withering  
grass,

I, with Thee, through the grave and gate  
of death,

On to my joyful resurrection pass.

Armed with the spirit of my Master's  
mind,

How shall I spare a thought that He  
would slay?

Lord I would leave those things which are  
behind,

And press towards Heaven through all  
the narrow way.

Bright be my prospect as I pass along ;—

An ardent service at the cost of all,—

Love by untiring ministry made strong,

And ready for the first, the softest call.

Yes, God is faithful—and my lot is cast ;—

Oh not myself to serve, my own to be !

Light of my life, the darkness now is past,

And I beneath the Cross can work for  
Thee.

## XXVIII.

“ He that loveth his life shall lose it ; and he that hateth his life in this world shall keep it unto life eternal.”—ST. JOHN, xii. 25.

SWEET be Thy words of sternest truth,  
My risen Lord, to me !  
Hid in the secret of my heart  
Their deepest treasure be ;  
That I may comprehend the joy  
Of sacrifice for Thee.  
  
And softly let the light of life,  
Before Thy servant shine,  
That through the gloom, with stedfast  
will,  
My soul may follow Thine—

Calm in the depth of one desire,

And strong in one design.

But never let me think I see

Thy heavenly things aright,

Unless the single eye of love

Fill my whole mind with light,

And to be like Thee in Thy death

Seem glorious\* in my sight.

That willing sacrifice of Thine

My meditation make,

Till to the true delight of life

My soul with songs awake,—

And all that spoils me of myself

Be treasure for Thy sake.

The tenderest heart Thy hands have

made

Beneath Thy rule may rest;

\* 2 ST. PETER i. 8.

For He who made it for Himself  
Knows what will shield it best,—  
The feeblest lover of Thy law  
Dwells safely in thy breast.

Now through a strait and painful way  
My weary feet must press ;  
But what shall hurt the struggling soul  
Which Thou hast died to bless,  
Or prompt a spirit to complain  
That *knows* its blessedness !

Nor seems it strange to one who weighs  
The joy of liberty,  
This death of suffering to himself,  
This life of love to Thee,  
Which gives the lowly power to reign  
And makes the servant free.

O let no timid faithless thought  
Prevail my bonds to spare !

Lord, I *can* drink Thy bitter cup,

Thy fiery trial share,—

I *can* deny myself for Thee,

And for Thy glory care.

Only the unction of Thy love

With every cross be mine—

Till these Thy words,—so firm to gird,

So searching to refine—

Be sweet unto Thy servant's soul

Even as they are to Thine.

## XXIX.

“It is a faithful saying: For if we be dead with Him, we shall also live with Him: If we suffer, we shall also reign with Him.”—2 TIMOTHY, ii. 11, 12.

“Most gladly therefore will I rather glory in my infirmities, that the power of Christ may rest upon me.”—2 COR. xii. 9.

Compassed about with songs, my soul was  
still—

But not for lack of light its bliss to see;—  
Thy heart, my Father could the temple fill,  
And its deep silence was a song to Thee.  
My mind reposed in its captivity,  
By the clear evidence of love subdued;

I was content to die, that I might be  
Redeemed for ever from my solitude.  
All that was in me to Thy throne aspired,  
Longed for Thy heavenly glory to be  
meet,—  
Devotion was the joy to be desired,  
And the one thought of sacrifice was  
sweet.

But He who knew my frame was training me  
For service needing strength that cannot  
wane,  
And teaching me my frail mortality  
By solemn reckonings of the weight of  
pain.  
I in my weakness—how was I to reign,  
When suffering was the only way to  
power?

And would my spirit in His strength  
remain,

When watching was a strife for one short  
hour?

Could I with steadfast heart myself deny?

Could I with patient love the Cross  
endure?

Should I be every day content to die,  
To keep my daily life in Him secure?

Then with fresh sweetness, from the saints  
in light,

One song of victory to my soul made  
known,

How the hid treasure of the Church's might  
Was in the power of her beloved alone.

And then Thy glory to my heart was shewn,  
Even as the glory of the blest above;—

I knew Thy stedfast spirit was my own,  
By the pure joy of Thy reflected love.  
And the mind communed with me that was  
his  
Who said "When I am weak, then am I  
strong"—  
Until the voice of my infirmities  
Made harmony with that triumphant  
song.

### **XXX.**

“ Deep calleth unto deep at the noise of Thy water-spouts ; all Thy waves and Thy billows are gone over me. Yea the Lord will command His lovingkindness in the daytime, and in the night His song shall be with me, and my prayer unto the God of my life.—PSALM xlii. 7. 8.

Go not far from me, O my strength,  
Whom all my times obey ;  
Take from me anything thou wilt,  
But go not Thou away,—  
And let the storm that does Thy work  
Deal with me as it may.

On Thy compassion I repose,  
In weakness and distress :  
I will not ask for greater ease,  
Lest I should love Thee less.

Oh, 'tis a blessed thing for me  
To need thy tenderness.

While many sympathising hearts  
For my deliverance care,  
Thou, in Thy wiser, stronger love,  
Art teaching me to bear—  
By the sweet voice of thankful song,  
And calm, confiding prayer.

Thy love has many a lighted path,  
No outward eye can trace.  
And my heart sees Thee in the deep,  
With darkness on its face,  
And communes with Thee, 'mid the storm,  
As in a secret place.

O comforter of God's redeemed,  
Whom the world does not see,

What hand should pluck me from the flood,  
That casts my soul on Thee?  
Who would not suffer pain like mine,  
To be consoled like me?

When I am feeble as a child,  
And flesh and heart give way,  
Then on Thy everlasting strength,  
With passive trust I stay.  
And the rough wind becomes a song,  
The darkness shines like day.

Oh, blessed are the eyes that see,  
Though silent anguish shew,  
The love that in their hours of sleep,  
Unthanked may come and go.  
And blessed are the ears that hear,  
Though kept awake by woe.

Happy are they that learn, in Thee,  
Though patient suffering teach,  
The secret of enduring strength,  
And praise too deep for speech—  
*Peace* that no pressure from without,  
No strife within can reach.

There is no death for me to fear,  
For Christ, my Lord, hath died ;  
There is no curse in this my pain,  
For He was crucified.  
And it is *fellowship* with Him,  
That keeps me near His side.

My heart is fixed, O God, my strength—  
My heart is strong to bear :  
I will be joyful in Thy love,  
And peaceful in Thy care.  
Deal with me, for my Saviour's sake,  
According to His prayer.

No suffering while it lasts is joy,  
How blest soe'er it be—  
Yet may the chastened child be glad  
His Father's face to see ;  
And oh, it is not hard to bear,  
What must be borne in Thee.

It is not hard to bear by faith,  
In Thy own bosom lain,  
The trial of a soul redeemed,  
For Thy rejoicing made.  
Well may the heart in patience rest,  
That none can make afraid.

Safe in Thy sanctifying grace,  
Almighty to restore—  
Borne onward—sin and death behind,  
And love and life before—  
Oh, let my soul abound in hope,  
And praise Thee more and more !

Deep unto deep may call—but I  
With peaceful heart will say—  
Thy lovingkindness has a charge  
No waves can take away :  
And let the storm that speeds me home,  
Deal with me as it may.





